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of Manners" showed thoughtfulness and courtesy to each other. The lame man helped the blind man, the man with hands waited upon the man without, and without repugnance the white man drew nearer to his weaker black brother, remembering only his helplessness. Above and about all shone the Christmas spirit of the motto over our heads, "Good-Will to Men." Joy—Christ joy—reigned in all hearts. Sick hearts? No, not on this day—only sick bodies which were easily forgotten, but well hearts, healed by the gifts of Christmas love from an outside world which had not forgotten the dwellers in the "House of Pain" on this Christmas Day.

HOW SHALL A NURSE OCCUPY HER DAYS OF WAITING?

By HARRIET CAMP LOUNSBERY
Charleston, W. Va.

To many nurses the time between cases is dreaded as a period when money is being spent for necessary maintenance, and none is coming in; a nervous time, as the ring of the telephone which may mean a call is wished for or dreaded, perhaps both; an anxious time, as no one knows how long she may have to wait; a dreary time, as the days drag on, and still no call comes. It *is* a trying time, but much can be done in these days of waiting that is delightful in the doing, and that will prove a source of pleasure to all future patients, and no little profit to the nurse also.

Let me preface my few hints by saying that all patients and patients' friends expect the nurse to know all about the diseases and their cures, the care and management of the sick,—that is common, ordinary nurses' business,—but there too many nurses stop, they often can go no further, and when one comes to a family and adds to this a broad culture, and an intelligent interest in the topics of the day, the respect and admiration of the patient and family are unbounded, and their surprise genuine.

I would like, if possible, to impress upon the nurse graduate that really there is much to learn after she has left the training school. All the technic of hospital and operating room is fresh in mind, but there is so much that lies necessarily outside the walls of a hospital, and this knowledge that comes with experience is a great part of what makes a successful nurse.

I will not touch here upon what every nurse knows so well, relating

to the "preparedness" of clothes, satchel, and instruments. We take it for granted that all this is ready. The case before has been a hard one, we will imagine, and several days have been given to the luxury of whole nights in bed, and whole days of resting; this is all done, and the next case is awaited.

The best thing to do first is for the nurse to examine a little her mental equipment, see what she has stored away in her mind that can help the next patient, or that can assist in fighting the battle of hygienic cleanliness versus disease-bearing dirt. Let her consider whether she reads aloud acceptably, understandingly. Has she a good list of books which most women would enjoy? Does she know what books to suggest for the children? Can she tell what would interest the boys, or what a man would like to listen to? Does she know humorous books, interesting histories, or biographies? Here, then, is occupation for many idle days.

To go to a public library is always a pleasure, to make friends with the librarian is an added pleasure, as is also the making one's self familiar with some good books that can always be procured, and that will give pleasure and profit to patient after patient. This search for good literature will give happiness in the quest, and happiness in the reading. Librarians are usually glad to direct one to the books needed, and many delightful hours may be spent in the library, and all the while the comfortable feeling experienced that the pleasure felt will be transferred later to future patients.

The subject of hygiene is taught in most training schools, and indeed in many day schools as well, but this is a branch of knowledge that is growing so rapidly that, unless the very latest discoveries are learned, the nurse may find herself of use merely when the infection has done its work.

I wonder how many nurses have made use of the bulletins issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington. These are called Farmers' Bulletins, but many of them are of use to all mankind, be they farmers or not. They are free to any who ask for them, and up to the present time about five hundred have been issued. They are upon all sorts of subjects—Flies, Malaria, The Destruction of Rats, Care of Food in the House, Fruit as a Food, Cereal Breakfast Foods, etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*. Here, then, is a mine of information open to anyone who asks; all one has to do is to write to the Secretary of Agriculture and ask to have sent a list of the Farmers' Bulletins published by his department, and from the list any bulletins may be selected, and they will be sent. Ask for what is needed; it is all meant for the education of the public. The information is absolutely reliable, and represents the best

thought of the country—expert advice by the foremost scientists. I have often thought that a nurse who made the nursing of children a specialty, or even those who nursed children occasionally, would be much profited by a course in a Kindergarten Training School. The private duty nurse, however, having but a few days at her disposal, cannot do anything as extensive as that; but a very good substitute is at hand, in the kindergarten department of any of our public schools. It is most interesting to go to a public school and to see the principal, let the nurse explain her visit, and show her how helpful it would be to future little sick folks to be allowed to study some of the kindergarten methods, and permission will readily be given. When the nurse reaches the room of the "littlest ones," let her sit down and quietly watch what is done for them, and how they are managed. The kindergartner will be glad to tell where she finds the charming stories she relates; she will give models of the wonderful things her pupils cut out of paper, the canoes, the men to sit in them, the wigwams, the sleds, automobiles, swings, stoves, trees, apples, etc., etc., articles well-nigh innumerable, and all so simple and so deftly made. A small convalescent could be amused for weeks with the things one could learn in a few hours, in one of our city kindergartens. I speak of the things I know, for I have tried it, and I never yet found a principal who was not glad to have her kindergarten studied, nor a kindergartner who was not pleased to know that she could assist in the work of nursing sick children, even in this seemingly roundabout way.

In all of our large cities are fine art gallaries, and in many there are fine loan collections on exhibition every summer. There are, besides pictures in these loan collections, many things, some curious, some beautiful, and all of them interesting. Some days spent in these galleries will bring much knowledge and beauty into one's life. Time must be taken for these visits; no one can appreciate the patience and skill of oriental handiwork in a hurry. If unacquainted with the exhibits a catalogue should be purchased and each one studied until one knows why it is there, and what is its beauty. I remember seeing, one day, in a collection, a cup of jade, with a very finely wrought handle; I thought it fine, but did not appreciate it until the Custodian told me that it took the artist twenty years to carve that one cup, it is such a hard stone. This cup was so valuable that the Kensington Museum, in England, had paid an immense sum of money for it, as a nearly perfect specimen. This information was my reward for close study of an exhibit. In these exhibitions one could spend many vacant days with much pleasure and profit.

In whatever town a nurse lives, she should familiarize herself with

the philanthropic efforts of the place. In the largest cities it is not possible to know them all, but she should know about some of the settlement work, the day nurseries, the babies' hospitals, the rescue work, the homes for aged. Of course she will know about the hospitals and dispensaries, but what is done for the poor, the ignorant, the sinful, and the stranger—these she should learn. Many times she could do much to help these institutions, by relating, simply and truthfully, when occasion offers, what she has seen, of the great need of such efforts, and the heroic work of those who go down and live amongst the needy, and uplift them. Many a rich, idle patient might become interested and give money, if not time, to help in these good works; and my experience shows that they generally need all the help they can get. So the nurse should know about the anti-tuberculosis work, the night schools, the playgrounds on the roofs of the schoolhouses, all the philanthropic work of her town, and she cannot know about it unless she takes some of her vacant days, her days of waiting, and turns them into days of learning and the expansion of both her mind and her heart.

Another pleasant way to spend some days of waiting is to study the trolley system of the town where you live. Learn how far it can go, to how many other towns. If a river is near, become familiar with its steamboats. Excursions on boat or trolley will be delightful, and will teach the best routes, the best terminal stations, and the best restaurants, and some day when a patient is well enough to take an excursion, some part of his own immediate neighborhood may be shown him which he has never seen before. Believe me, all this will be appreciated.

Space fails me to tell of music to be heard, theatres to be enjoyed, and all to be used hereafter for the benefit of those to whom you will be called to minister. The information constantly gathered in the "days of waiting," *rightly used,* intelligently imparted to the patient or her friends, will make of the nurse such a broad-minded, sympathetic woman that everyone who employs her will appreciate the fact that she has a wide culture, and brings to her patient something besides mere technical skill.